



F. M. Brittingham

Tuesday 9 October

Dear Dad,

Last night, as usual, we listened to the ball game, and I believe it was one of the most exciting baseball games I've ever heard. I'd put it right in a class with the time Nicholson hit three homers in a row, and the time Hartnett hit one in the ninth to win the next to the last game of the season and thereby clinch the flag, about 1939, I believe. By eleven o'clock last night, about the time the game ended over here, we were all pretty close to insanity. The main thing that's worrying me now is, I can't figure who's going to start for the Cubs tomorrow night. Borowy seems like the likeliest choice, but he already has credit for winning two games and losing one. I wonder if one pitcher has ever been credited for four games in one series?

Twelve officers left the battalion this morning, headed for the States via Frankfurt, Thionville, and other unannounced points. Also a large number of EM,* I don't know how many. They're really beginning to show a little speed in the redeployment program in this area now. The orders for the next batch to leave probably won't be published for a couple of days yet, likely either Thursday or Friday, but I'm expecting to be on one of the next two shipments. From now on, don't send me anything, or subscribe to the Commercialagian. In fact, you might as well even quit writing, as by the time you get this and answer it, I'll almost certainly never receive the answer, because I'll be on the way home for one to two months, and I don't see how I could receive any mail during that time. I would estimate it'll take me six weeks to get home after I leave Wiesbaden.

I'm writing on working time today. Right now we're not a bit overworked. This afternoon I'm going to take off from the office and go back to my room right after lunch. I have two boxes there and I'm going to load them up with clothes, books, etc, and mail them home. I can mail them for about half a dollar each, I understand, and it will save me the trouble of carrying them about five thousand miles. I hope to leave here with nothing but a bed roll, a suitcase of shirts, underwear, etc, and the clothes I'll have on at the time. I'm glad I don't have to struggle around with all the junk I had to bring over with me. Gas mask, carbine, steel helmet, musette bag, duffle bag, foot locker, bed roll, hand luggage---it must have weighed two hundred pounds at least. Getting all of it from Camp Shanks to the boat nearly killed me, and the next time it might finish the job. I'm not taking any chances at this stage of the game.

Wish I could have been at home when you moved to your new office.

* Enlisted men



(Or should I say "our new office?") I'll bet Jerry was a lot of help. He must be big and strong enough to carry quite a bit of the office furniture by now. How did you get the safe moved?

Your mention of Buddy King having to report back to Fort Sheridan for his discharge, after being home once, reminds me, I'll probably have to report back there about seven weeks after I first get home. I'm due fifty days of terminal leave, unless I've misfigured it; that is, I'll be due that much by the time I get out. Under existing law, officers get all their accumulated leave time when they're discharged, and get paid for it, and I'm pretty sure that applies to ~~an~~ warrant officers, too. I can see some justice in it---those of us who haven't been able to get any leave for a couple of years deserve something to make up for it, I think, because a lot of fellows have been getting furloughs regularly all through the war, but if it's fair and justified for officers, I sure can't see why it isn't justified for enlisted men too. I think about ninety-nine percent of all enlisted men and quite a few congressmen agree with me.

It's time for me to go to lunch. Just noon, and they serve lunch from eleven-thirty to twelve-thirty. I'll get a couple more letters written before I leave here--in fact, I'll probably keep on writing until I get on the boat. When I get off the boat, I won't write; I'll ball you up. The next time I call you should be more successful than the time in London.

Frank

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